



An Intersection



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Chapter 1 by Tanya Kuva

He was pushing his son in a wheelchair through an intersection. The wheelchair was new, a recent addition to their family they weren't ready to deal with.

Few weeks ago, Katelyn was on her way to the store. They were worried about her when her and her husband separated and her drinking spun out of control. Her hands were shaking, music — loud; driving 20 miles over the residential speed limit, she didn't notice the boy until his bicycle slammed into the hood of her car, the metal and weight bringing her car to a sudden halt.

Chapter 2 by Da'Najah



Billy was a normal neighborhood boy. He was racing home to see his little sister arrive. He was so excited to finally meet her since he wasn't aloud to see her in the hospital. He was almost home. His house was right across the street. Billy always looked both ways before crossing the street but the car seemed to dart out of no where.

Katelyn sat in car not knowing what to do. "Did this really happen or is my mind playing tricks on me?" She asked herself. While asking herself this question a crowd started to form. She finally stepped out of the car letting out all her music. She shook knowing the cops would come at any minute.

" My baby!" Somebody yelled from the crowd. "What did you do to my son!?!"

Chapter 3 by intellikat



Katelyn began to bark away shaking

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"N-n-no, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I didn't

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"You crushed him, You crazy bitch!"

A man with a shotgun stepped from the crowd.

"We are gonna make you pay, lady. You're not from around here are you?"

"N-no. I'm from Jonesville."

"Jonesville?? Fuckin' rich bastards. We ought to skin you alive lady..."

"I'm sorry. I recently separated from my husband and my drinking has spun out of control."

"You know what's gonna spin out of control?" said another man, pulling a buck knife from a leg sheath. "Your head. When I cut it off and tie it to the hitch of my pickup."

The crowd erupted into a roar of approval and swelled forward, engulfing Katelyn and bringing her to the ground. Her clothing was torn, her shoes, removed. Someone began to tickle her violently. The man with the knife lifted it high above and began to chant a prayer in Pali. Someone else poured olive oil onto her chest and sprinkled bay leaves and lemon.

"We will remove her beating heart from her chest and sacrifice it to Malog, the god of the suburbs. He may raise the boy back from the dead if he so wishes, and if our sacrifice is pure."

"No, no!" shouted Katelyn, but her cries were muffled as a thick baseball mitt came down over her face and two eggs were cracked open on her forehead.

"Jinga-ja, la-la hama ana-nata-tosa. Jinga-ja Malog haro-haro intat. Jinga-ja, la-la hama nosso tama ha-kata!" the crowd chanted, their hands either holding Katelyn down or adding ingredients to the mix.

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